

VOLUME XIX. No. 13

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DECEMBER 30, 1928

MERLE SAUNDERS was

working beneath a broad expanse of lattice work which kept the hot Florida sun from scorching the young palms growing there. He had been busy all morning setting out cocoanuts. The green shoots had cracked the hard shells and the fibrous husks and were ready for their place in the soil. All about him were a variety of palms waiting to be transplanted to the lawns of palatial homes or along the boulevards. Merle straightened up to survey his work and to get the kink out of his back.

"Lo Merle! Watcha doing?"

Merle looked in the direction of the hail and discovered a face pressed against the wooden laths.

"Hello, Floyd! Come on in. I'm setting out cocoanut palms. At least, they will be palms when they grow up."

Floyd found an opening and walked carelessly toward his friend. Merle scowled slightly as Floyd's legs brushed against the tender fronds, but he said nothing.

"I say, Merle, I got my sail all made for my canoe. Let's take a sail on Coffee Pot Bayou this afternoon."

Merle shook his head. "Can't be done. Got to help Uncle Dave."

"Shoot! He can't expect you to go to school all week and then work all day Saturday."

Merle sighed as he looked at the pile of sprouting cocoanuts. "Business is poor this winter and Uncle has had to let his man go. He says that the nursery hasn't paid very well lately."

Floyd looked thoughtful for a time and then began to grin. "I got it! Play hooky! What can he say if you're gone for a couple hours?"

Merle looked through the lattice work

Work for Merle



and caught a glimpse of the Gulf, which glistened under the sun. He caught the obscure outlines of a sail boat, and a tramp oil steamer on its way to Port Tampa. He suddenly turned his back to this temptation and resolutely picked up a cocoanut.

"No, Uncle has been too good to me. I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings."

"Gee, but you're tied down," Floyd made answer. "You can't do anything but work in this nursery. How are we going to be civil engineers if you have to stick here all the time? We ought to be nosing around where there is construction going on so that we can learn things. Well, I'll see you in the morning. Guess I'll have to take a sail all by my lonesome."

Merle watched his friend as he made his way down towards the beach. He wanted to go, so much, to the yacht basin with Floyd where a huge suction dredge was cleaning out the channel.

"What did that Floyd Erickson want?"

Merle whirled about, startled. "Oh, hello Uncle Dave! He wanted to take me for a ride in his canoe, and see some of the dredges at work."

"Huh! Sorry I got to keep you plugging here, but with all these sub-divisions closing down it makes the nursery business rather dull."

"Oh, that's all right, Uncle. I'll have a chance to get out later when there

isn't anything much doing here. Floyd and I are going to get a job with the Southern Dredging Company."

"Merle," Uncle Dave said thoughtfully, "you ought to stick at this line of work. The flowers and shrubs grow fine for you. There are some wonderful positions and big pay to the boy who will get down and dig, and it's clean work, too."

"Ho!" Merle laughed. "I want to do something big. I want to put in the roadbeds of some railroad or do something like digging the Panama Canal."

The weeks passed rapidly for Merle. He went to school in the mornings and helped his Uncle in the afternoons and Saturdays. It was not easy to be contented with mixing soils, trimming hedges, and many similar duties when the other boys were playing ball, swimming, or fishing; but his work was not irksome. He was proud of his accomplishments among the shrubs and plants. He often went out with the customers, when his Uncle was busy, and advised them as to what to plant in their yards and how to arrange their lawns. But Merle's mind was inclined to wander to a dragline as it filled in the roadbed of a new railroad or to a huge shovel which was widening a river channel so that it would admit larger ships. He pictured himself at the control levers, or poring over a mass of blue prints as he directed the laborers what to do.

Summer came at last. Merle and Floyd had worked out a plan to get a job with the dredging company. Mr. G. G. Parmelee was president of the company and did all the hiring, but the boys decided that they would not see him at his office down on the wharves. Rather, they would visit him at his country estate, which he had just built at the head

of Panther Creek. They would make the trip by water. And so this morning Merle and Floyd climbed into the latter's canoe in the Coffee Pot Bayou and headed out into the Gulf of Mexico. Their hopes were high and they sent the frail craft through the water with vigorous strokes.

"Maybe if we show what we're made of, Mr. Parmelee will send us with one of his dredges over to the Mississippi river. You know, where they have those floods," Floyd remarked.

Merle was in the bow and he nodded his head. "I wonder what sort of a home he's got? He ought to be able to fix up the grounds swell, for he has a lot of money."

"Bah!" Floyd returned. "What do I care about his home. I'm interested in what he is doing down at the harbor."

They did not have long to paddle through the rather dangerous waves of the Gulf until they came to the mouth of Panther river. For an hour they paddled between banks of white sand, dotted here and there with clumps of palmetto trees. Back from the shores were the scattering turpentine pines. An earthen jar hung upon the scarred sides of each one to catch the slow drip of the resinous fluid. But the boys were too accustomed to these sights to give them more than a passing glance. After a time the water in the river became brackish and then fresh and the channel was often nearly closed with water hyacinths. Then the canoe drew out of the glaring sun into the shade of a number of cypress trees which were heavily hung with Spanish moss.

"Isn't this beautiful!" Merle exclaimed. "Let's eat our sandwiches here."

Floyd nodded his head. "O.K. with the sandwiches, but I can't see anything very grand about it. It's spooky to me. These cypresses are pretty big and they would make good lumber."

It was well after twelve when the boys neared the head of the river and came to the Parmelee estate. The Spanish house stood on a rise of ground back from the river.

"I wonder if Mr. Parmelee is here?" Floyd questioned. "I guess he is though, for they told me down at the office that he spends most of his afternoons out here."

Merle paid no attention to what his friend was saying. "Why, he has only started to fix up the grounds. He could have a fine lawn sloping down to a boat house and —"

"Say," Floyd interrupted him, "all you been talking about on this trip is trees and flowers. We've got to talk engineering in

order to impress him. Let's go up to the house."

They found Mr. Parmelee sitting in the shade of a screened-in porch.

"Well, well, boys!" he greeted them, "what are you doing way out here?"

Merle looked at Floyd who was standing ill at ease, before the great man.

"We paddled up here," Merle replied, "to see if you wouldn't give us a job on one of your dredges. You see we want to be civil engineers and we thought you would give us a start."

Mr. Parmelee waved his hand toward some chairs. "Sit down, boys, and I'll have my man get you something cool to drink. About the jobs; I'm afraid my payroll is rather top-heavy now. Sorry!"

"Then you won't give us a job?" Floyd blurted out.

Mr. Parmelee smiled. "I'd like to, for I admire your spunk to paddle way up here for work, but I can't right now."

Floyd slumped dejectedly in his chair, but Merle got up and walked to the screen.

"You're going to have a wonderful place here when you get it all shaped up!" Merle said with enthusiasm.

Mr. Parmelee grunted. "If I ever do! I can't seem to find a good landscape engineer who will stick here."

Merle continued to look around, and finally turned to the president. "You could clear the ground down to the river, put some good top soil on it, and make a wonderful lawn. Of course, you would have to sprinkle it fairly well with palms and shrubs to keep the soil from washing down into the river. You could have a row of great blue iris and one of marsh

pink down by the river's edge. I suppose you will have a boat house covered with vines. Up on the rise here, and a little farther back, it is sandy enough for a bed of violets, and . . ."

"Say!" Mr. Parmelee interrupted, "what do you know about all those things?"

"I put in all my spare time working for my Uncle who owns the Saunders Nurseries."

"Hum! I know about him. What else would you do around here?"

Merle walked over to the end of the porch and looked about. "See that group of pine trees? I'd have four or five hives of bees. They suggest an abundance of flowers. Anything will grow around here if you have the money to care for them. You could have all kind of roses, geraniums from Algiers, and lilies from China and France . . ."

"Stop!" the president commanded with a pleased laugh. "You are a boy after my own heart. Do you suppose you could boss a gang of men and make this place a Garden of Eden?"

"I know I could!" Merle exclaimed. "My Uncle could give me a lot of pointers, too."

The cool drinks came at this moment and the trio were silent for a time as they quenched their thirst. Mr. Parmelee broke the silence.

"I'll tell you what, you go back and tell your Uncle that you are coming up here to live. Then you can draw up your plans and I can go over them with you. You're pretty young but you have some good ideas. Some day, if you'll only get down to business, you will make

a success of it. About the pay — Well, we'll fix that up later."

In a short time, the boys were again on the river so that they could get back home before the sun dipped into the Gulf.

"You certainly made a hit with Mr. Parmelee," remarked Floyd, "but we didn't get a job on a dredge."

"I don't want a job on a dredge. I don't want to be a civil engineer; I want to be a landscape engineer. I'm so glad now that Uncle had to tie me down all last winter. It seemed pretty hard on me then, but I'm going to be paid for it now. I can help Uncle Dave, too, for he can furnish a lot of the shrubs. I'll make that place the show ground of Palm City, and earn enough money so that I can take up that line of work in school. Everything has turned out great for me, and all because I stuck by my Uncle and studied instead of complaining and sulking."

"Huh! What about me?" questioned Floyd.



"Can't you see? You can help me until there is a vacancy on one of the dredges and then Mr. Parmelee can give you the kind of work you like."

Merle dipped his paddle rapidly. He was anxious to get home and tell his Uncle of his good fortune, for Merle knew that his Uncle Dave would be glad.

A Visit to Some Boston Churches

By M. Louise C. Hastings

4. THE SECOND CHURCH

IT was Sunday noon. Roger and Julia with Grandfather and Grandmother Packard had attended church service at the Second Church far out on Beacon Street. This was the first time that they had not walked to church since they came to Boston. It was a pleasant ride on the electric cars and they had enjoyed the service. In the afternoon there was to be a Christmas Pageant which they were planning to attend, for they had heard much about it, and Grandmother felt that it was one of the things that should not be missed.

Just now they were at the dinner table. It was the custom at Grandfather Packard's to make the conversations on this special day center around the sermon, but today it had turned upon the church itself. Grandfather was saying, "The Second Church of Boston which we attended this morning dates back to 1649, when its ancestor, the Old North Church of North Square was founded.

"That first church, built not far from the spot where Paul Revere's house stands, was destroyed by fire in 1676. It was rebuilt the following year only to be staved to pieces by the British soldiers under Lord Howe in 1776, to be used as fuel by the refugees and tories. Hundreds of other buildings went the same way. The growth of the church, young as it was, was not checked by this blow any more than it had been by its previous one. The congregation joined with the New Brick Church on Hanover Street, which was an offshoot of the original Old North Church, and the Second Church pressed on, using its own name, the Second Church. Dr. John Lathrop was minister at this time and it was under him that the Second Church gradually left Calvinism for a more liberal view of religion."

"I sometimes think of the way Boston must have looked then," spoke up Grandmother. "There must have been great changes during the seventeen years between the founding of the First Church and the Second. Forests had been cleared away, and footpaths had grown into streets. North Square was in the process of development at the time the Second Church was organized. The ways about the meeting house were laid out, probably Sun Court, Moon Street, Garden Court, and Bell Alley, though they did not receive their names until 1708. To the Puritans, the House of

God was the center around which their houses were built."

"Yes, Boston was a thriving colony," continued Grandfather, "but there were other flourishing settlements, too, — in Salem, Dorchester, Charlestown, Watertown, and other places. Harvard College was an established seat of learning."

"Who were some of the ministers of the Second Church?" asked Roger when he could get a word in between Grandfather and Grandmother who had quickly warmed up to the subject.

"This church has been called 'the church of the Mathers.' They were a remarkable family, father, son, and grandson, all ministers of the same church, covering a period of 73 years," replied Grandfather. "Richard Mather was at Dorchester. Increase, minister of the Second Church, was his youngest son by his first wife. Cotton Mather was the son of Increase. These two served 64 years, and then Samuel, son of Cotton, was minister for just nine years. They all served faithfully and well. Their ministry is called 'The reign of the Mathers,' and it was a great period for the church."

"I'd like to see North Square," said Julia. "Will you take us there?"

Grandfather laughed. "I'm afraid the present generation knows little about North Square. But I'll be glad to take you there. It is still a large open square. The house of Paul Revere has been restored, and of course you would enjoy seeing that. This triangular inclosure was the central point of the North End in its 'elegant' days when it was adorned with beautiful shade trees and dignified mansions. Now it is the heart of the Italian colony, but in the early history of Boston, when the Second Church was

flourishing there, many were the noted personages that dwelt within the confined area, and many were the gay times that the old aristocrats had."

"I suppose there were other ministers of note, weren't there?" asked Roger, referring to his original question.

"Oh, yes," answered Grandfather. "Henry Ware, Jr., was minister for twelve years and then the society had another golden age like that of the Mathers. After his pastorate came Ralph Waldo Emerson, but he stayed only four years, because he was too liberal for them."

"The society, after several moves," continued Grandfather, after a question from Julia regarding any further moves in church buildings, "located on Boylston Street, diagonally across from Trinity Church. I remember the building well because of its complete mantle of ivy which was very brilliant when its leaves turned a deep purplish red. Robert Laird Collier, Edward A. Horton, and Thomas Van Ness were ministers there. The next move was to its present location, Dr. Shippen is the minister, and you heard him today."

"The Second Church has had a long life," remarked Roger, who had been using pencil and paper. "Two hundred and seventy-nine years! Think of it!"

On the way home from the Christmas Pageant, late in the afternoon, Julia spoke of the beauty of the interior of the church. "I do like a white interior. The style suggests old Colonial, Grandfather, don't you think so? And just turn around and look at the weather cock on the top of the steeple. How high you have to look!"

Then Grandmother had one of her moments of inspiration. "It is high," she said, "and it makes one look up higher and higher in order to see it! The service was high, and it made one think higher and higher! The atmosphere inside the church building is high, and one is better for the contact with things that raise the thoughts higher! It has been a 'high' day and we are all richer for it!"

Around the World

By ISABEL McLENNAN McMEEKIN

Who has a window knows romance,
While winds still sing and shadows dance,
While chimney smoke makes silver keys
To open doors beyond blue seas:

While pigeons still have jewelled wings
More shining than the capes of kings,
While puddles still, beside drab feet,
Make rainbow-bright the curving street.

Another year of happy work

That better is than play;
Of simple cares and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.



THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

1929

By CORA MAY PREBLE

The New Year bells are ringing out
As Father Time draws near
And places on the doorstep of
The world, the Baby Year.

Dear little Nineteen-Twenty-Nine,
Wee waif within our care,
We'll do our very best to help
You grow both strong and fair.

Dear B. C. Members:

Shall we remember the lines printed
above and do our best to make the New
Year "strong and fair?"

THE EDITOR.

11 LANE ST.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Beacon Editor: I have always enjoyed *The Beacon* and am already a member of the Club. I wish you would please send me another pin, as I have lost mine.

I am thirteen years old and in the ninth grade of the Charles W. Morey School of Lowell. I have been a member of the Girl Scouts for three years and have a few badges. I would love to have some of the members write and tell me about themselves.

Yours truly,

ELEANOR GRAY.

17 PLEASANT ST.,
AYER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club and enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I regret to say that I have lost my pin and I would like very much to have another. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. I would like to have someone of my age write to me.

Sincerely yours,

JEAN BEYTES.

126 HANCOCK ST.,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I am thirteen years old and am in the first year of high school. I would like very much to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I should like to have some girls of my age correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL MALAY.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

36 LOCUST ST.,
MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am eleven years old and would like very much to join the Beacon Club and wear its button. Our minister is Mr. Edward H. Cotton.

Yours truly,

EVERETT WALKLEY.

5951 FISCHER AVE.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Dear Editor: I want to be a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and am in the fourth grade. Our minister is Dr. Augustus P. Record. My teacher is Miss M. Olsen.

Yours truly,

ROBERT N. BIDDLE.

LAFAYETTE AVE.,
HINGHAM, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would like to be a member of the Club and wear its button. Our minister is Rev. J. Harry Hooper. I am in the third grade at West School. I go to the First Parish Church.

Sincerely yours,

SETH SPRAGUE, JR.

A Little Bird's New Year's Party

By HELEN S. STURGES

'Twas the week after Christmas, when all
through the town

The children were taking their Christmas
trees down.

Came a poor little birdie, named Sir
Chickadee,

Who was feeling quite hungry — perched
up on a tree —

When what to his bright little eye should
appear

But a Christmas tree, propped in a garden
quite near,

Which children were covering with suet
and bread.

"My — my — what a sight!" Sir Chickadee said.

One look at the tree and its fruit, and
the song

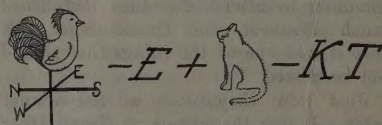
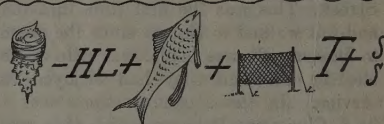
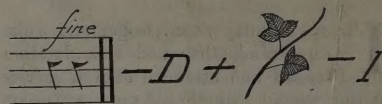
Was hushed while he feasted both richly
and long.

Then, feeling quite filled from his head to
his toes,

Up again to the tree top he hastily rose;
But I heard him speak out, in tones loud
and clear:

"Thanks, thanks to you, children, and a
Happy New Year!"

Puzzlers



Three Things for Children to Avoid

Add and subtract the letters to and from the pictures, as indicated, and you will have as a result three qualities that well-bred children will avoid.

HARVEY PEAKE.

Charade

A word of five letters am I,
Come, puzzle me out if you can.
My first and last are alike, I declare,
My second and fourth are also a pair.
Spelled backward or forward, I read
both alike,
Behold and curtail me, I come before
night. E. F. B.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 11

South American Cities. —

Bogota. (Bow-goat-ah)

Santiago. (Santa-ah-go)

Quito. (Key-toe)

Lima. (Lee-ma)

Missing Vowels. — 1. Her Excellency, the Empress, exerted her best energy, yet never lessened the expenses.

2. Now, boys, nobody shoots snow off of roofs, so don't try to do so!

3. An ant always walks fast; crabs walk any way; and a baby walks and falls.

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